

**neck kisses**

**orphan\_account**

## neck kisses by orphan\_account

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**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

5 times someone saw eddie kissing richie's neck (+ 1 time they talk about it)

## neck kisses

### Author's Note:

be warned, this is shit

### BEN

“Oh-okay so Stan, Buh-Bev and I are gonna wuh-wait down in the kitchen and wait for the pizzas to get here. Muh-Mike said he-he’ll be here soon,” Bill announced, poking his head in from around the side of the door. “Do you guys wanna come as well?”

Eddie looked to Richie and Richie looked to Eddie and then Ben and with a shrug of shoulders and a nod of the head, the silent decision had been made.

“We’ll just chill up here Big Bill,” Richie said with a smile. “Don’t go making Beverly third-wheel m’kay?”

“I-I-I...” Bill shook his head, cheeks ablaze and pulled his head back, disappearing downstairs.

Ben and Eddie laughed and Richie looked smug in his spot on Bill’s floor, Batman comic in hand. Ben was sitting cross-legged on Bill’s bed, attempting to catch M&M’s that Eddie was throwing, with his mouth.

“Dude Batman is totally queer for Robin,” Eddie laughed, scooping a colourful handful of M&M’s into his palm, twisting his head around to gauge Richie’s reaction. At first his eyebrows drew together just like a pair of curtains would, but then that shit-eating-Richie-Tozier smirk sprouted on his cheeks.

“I think *you’re* queer for Batman,” Richie squinted behind thick glances and pursed his lips, preparing himself.

“It’s okay Edward, you’re safe here in my buff arms” Richie’s voice dropped low to a terrible Batman impersonation. And then his voice squeaked in an Eddie impersonation. “Oh Batman I love you and your buff arms!” And then made sloppy kissy noises.

“Damn Richie, you’re right, I do love Batman’s buff arms – he’s so hot,” hearing him say this, Richie choked and Eddie aimed another M&M at Ben’s mouth, completely missing because they were both laughing too much.

“Okay okay I gotta go to the bathroom before I piss myself,” Ben wheezed, heaving himself off of Bill’s bed and wobbling out of the door. Eddie caught his breath, thankful he didn’t have to whip out his inhaler, and Richie managed to regain his composure and return to his comic book in silence.

The asthmatic boy on Bill’s bed flopped back, threw a single blue M&M into his own mouth and turned his head to look at Richie reading intently. Eddie smiled. *Such a cute asshole.* Eddie then proceeded to pick up a pillow from beside him and lunge it at Richie, knocking off his glasses in the process. Richie looked up with the playful rage of hell in his eyes, stood up and then lunged *himself* at Eddie.

“Yer gon’ regret that boy,” Richie growled, impersonating someone that Eddie thought sounded familiar, but couldn’t quite place. Richie planted his knees on either side of Eddie’s hips and sent an attack of his slim fingers onto Eddie’s ribs. Eddie squealed and laughed, thrashed his legs viciously and threw his head from side to side.

“N-No Richie stop! Oh God-“ Eddie howled with laughter. “Richie no-ho-ho stop!”

Somehow Eddie found the strength in him to shove Richie over and their positions were suddenly reversed, fright evident in Richie’s damn near blind eyes.

“Knew you were gay Eddie Spaghetti! Thought you’d be more of a bottom though,” Richie snorted and squinted up at Eddie. Although the figure of him was a blurry one, Richie could make out the frown on Eddie’s lips.

“I’m not gay dipshit, you’re gay,” He retorted weakly.

“Whatever helps you sleep at night buddy boy.”

Eddie's silence made Richie's wonder for a moment and he didn't seem to notice Eddie slowly leaning down, a nervous yet determined expression lay upon his features.

"What if I am," Richie barely heard it because Eddie had spoken so softly, but before he could even process it and tease the fuck out of Eddie, Eddie's head had suddenly tucked itself between Richie's head and right shoulder, where his impossibly smooth, pink lips brushed against Richie's neck.

"Wait- Holy fuck E-Eds-" Richie's chest rose and fell quickly and heavily against Eddie's own chest, giving him motivation to keep going. He slowly dragged his lips up Richie's neck and pressed his lips to the skin beneath his jaw. This kiss made Richie let out a loud groan, Eddie's tongue that had peeked out and prodded the flesh beneath it, seemed to be too intense for Richie and his sensitive skin to handle.

"Fuck, Eddie," Richie gulped and Eddie lifted his head, smiled innocently and dipped his head to kiss at the base of his neck. This was, of course, too late to take back when the door had reopened and Ben waltzed in, stopping dead in his tracks with an 'Oh shit...'

Eddie practically flung himself off of Richie and Richie scrambled off of the bed, landing on the floor with a thud that would have hurt.

"I told you to get off of me Eddie!" Richie yelled, completely out of breath.

"Well – You – You were being an ass!" Eddie yelled straight back and glanced awkwardly at Ben whose eyes narrowed, looking between the two.

"So... Mike's downstairs..." He said and turned back around to hurry down the stairs as fast as his heavy feet would let him.

Eddie glanced at a bright red Richie and scratched his neck. "Gonna go downstairs..."

Richie was left flustered and breathless and completely fucking blind as Eddie hurried after Ben.

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## BEVERLY

The laughs and splashes, screaming and *Super Freak* by Rick James blaring from Beverly's stereo filled the quarry until it overflowed and the gleeful sounds should have been heard from a mile away. Their fun should have been interrupted hours ago, whether it be because Henry Bowers and his goons had been lurking around and upon hearing the loud laughter spilling from the quarry, had decided to walk on in and crush that laughter with their fists – or whether it had been old Mr Carson, hobbling down off his front porch where he seemed to live and – slowly – make his way down to the edge of the water to curse at the teenagers and shake his fist in the air. They should have been scared off one way or another by now but God Bless the Canal Days Festival had spared them, sucking in most of the townsfolk, including the Bowers gang and old Mr Carson (despite his frail age), with rollercoasters and Pitch ‘Til U Win and mountains of cotton candy.

“Richie! You got my fanny pack wet!” Eddie screeched, scrambling through the water in attempt to rescue his beloved, dampened fanny pack.

“Ain’t the only thing I got wet,” Richie grinned. “Just ask your mu-“

The rest of Richie's sentence was then drowned out (quite literally) by Eddie who dove at him, grabbing a fist full of his hair and dunking his head under water. The losers laughed – Stan noticeably more than the rest.

“Kinky,” Richie gasped, trying to catch his breath when he broke out of Eddie's hold.

“You're unbelievable,” Eddie shook his head and Richie grinned at him.

“I know.”

Richie then turned around to see Stan perched on Mike's shoulders and Beverly on Ben's shoulders while Bill floated between the two pairs, gazing at either Stan or Mike - Richie couldn't tell.

“Hey Eds, who do you think B-“

For what seemed to be the hundredth time that day, Eddie cut Richie's sentence short although this time, it was with his lips. At first Richie could have mistaken it for one of his sodden chocolate locks brushing against his neck, but Eddie's bare chest was pressed against his bare back and Eddie's cold hands grasped Richie's shoulders and Richie became suddenly aware that it was in fact Eddie's cool lips that were gracing the skin on his neck. Richie's breath hitched in his throat, his hands clenched into fists and he turned around.

“Eddie, what the fuck are you doing,” Richie *tried* to hiss – his voice coming out breathy and weak.

“What's wrong Richie?” Eddie brushed his lips against Richie's ear and Richie's body curved with a shiver. “You are going to fucking kill me i swear to god Kaspbrak,”

You would think Eddie could have done a better job at being discrete and you'd *think* Richie's reaction wouldn't be so blatantly conspicuous, but even being only 20 yards away from their friends, Eddie continues to attack Richie's neck with his hungry lips. As the losers play chicken fight and scream at each other, not seeming to notice the two, maybe they didn't *need* to be so secretive. No one saw right? They're all too oblivious right? Right.

But, just as Eddie's shivering blue lips made their last meeting with Richie's skin; just as Richie's eyes fluttered shut, Beverly glanced over at them. Her first glance was fleeting, not processing the sight, but after a moment's thought it hit her and she whipped her head of curls around again. Beverly lost balance and crashed into the water from the high peak of Stanley's shoulders. When she resurfaced, spluttering and astonished, she could only see Richie Tozier with bright red cheeks and squinty eyes and Eddie Kaspbrak's toes disappearing into the water, accompanied by the ripple raking the surface.

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**MIKE**

“Ah say, ah say yung mista Edward,” one of Richie's Voices floated back at Eddie, who Richie was giving a piggyback. “Yer getting quite

‘eavy for ol’ chappo.”

Beverly and Mike giggled and Eddie gasped in mock offense and slapped the back of Richie’s head, then held onto him tighter. They had been goofing off in the Barrens for nearly 6 hours, playing around in the Kenduskeag, smoking cigarettes (everyone with the exception of Stan and Eddie) and talking. The sun would soon be close to setting, but they decided to squeeze in a game of Hide and Seek. Bill had suggested it, Richie argued saying it was childish and they hadn’t played it since they were 12 and Bill countered that by saying ‘exactly!’

Mike was now sitting on a rock with his hands over his eyes, counting down from 50. Richie had suggested Bill take the first turn to be in since it was his idea, but Mike jumped to his rescue, laying a hand on Bill’s shoulder and telling him he wanted to be in.

Richie thought something was suspicious about that but he chose not to question it, hitching Eddie higher up on his back and took off into the trees.

*Hide in the bushes.* Richie’s voice echoed in his own head. He listened to his thoughts and headed for a mass of shrubbery, keeping quiet for what seemed like the first time in his life.

As Richie was walking he paid close attention to the sounds around him; the crunching of leaves beneath his feet, a rustling in a tree close by (Richie had no doubt it was Bev), Richie could hear Mike’s voice counting down...

21... 20... 19...

Richie could hear the hushed whispers of Bill and Ben somewhere off to his right and Richie could hear Eddie’s heavy breathing in his ear.

12... 11... 10...

Richie panicked – there was no way he could get both him and Eddie to the bushes in time without making noise and –

And now that Eddie’s lips found their way back to their rightful place on Richie’s neck, he couldn’t concentrate.



“Eds! Right now?!” Richie’s eyebrows furrowed, but not in anger. Richie let out a sigh, not in anger. Richie clutched Eddie’s legs, but definitely not in anger.

“Fuck!” Richie whisper-yelled in exasperation, his legs shaking and he thought he was about to fall over.

Richie lost all focus on his surroundings and instead found himself weak at the hands – or rather, lips – of Eddie Kaspbrak in the middle of a fucking Hide and Seek game.

Eddie’s lips swept down Richie’s jawline, his tongue peeked out and drew an invisible line as it went, falling beneath his jaw and down his neck. Richie’s breathing was light but quick and the kisses drowned out his complaints, and then Eddie bit down at the base of Richie’s neck and he groaned.

Mike saw Stanley talking to a bird earlier that morning and he thought that was the weirdest thing he would see for at least another couple days, but he managed to prove himself wrong as he snuck between the trees, listening for the rustles or whispers. He did, in fact, hear whispers and rustling, but what he did not expect, was to see Eddie, still on Richie’s back, kissing and biting Richie’s neck.

For a rough time period of about 10 seconds, Mike stood there, mouth dropped open, and arms limp at his sides, simply watching with shock as Eddie made Richie into a weak mess. Slowly, he backed away, quietly slipping west to find Ben and not looking back until the merged figure of Richie and Eddie was a penny in the distance.

Eddie finally ceased his assault on Richie’s neck when he was satisfied with the purple bruise left on it – and when Richie’s heavy breathing turned into groaning and whining. Eddie planted his feet on the ground and released all contact on Richie completely.

“Sometime you’re going to have to explain what the fuck is going on,” Richie breathed. Eddie smiled, took his hand and they ran off to bury themselves in shrubbery.

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## STANLEY

“Come on, Rich – why do we always have to see scary movies!” Eddie had whined when the group of seven waited for Liver Lips Cole to give them their goddamn tickets.

“Just so you’ll cling to my arm and say ‘Oh Richie please hold me, I’m so scared!’” Richie squeaked out an Eddie imitation. Eddie glared and slapped his arm.

Mike looked at the two, half with fascination, and half with bemusement. Bev’s eyes narrowed in what seemed to be thoughtfulness while Ben’s gaze was filled with pure confusion. Bill and Stan had already begun happily eating away at a shared bucket of popcorn, not having a lick of sense on what was going on.

The seven of them forwarding into the cinema doors, picking two rows of seats right at the back and filing into them; Stan, Mike and Bill sitting together because they all pitched in to buy their bucket of popcorn, Ben and Beverly are sharing a large drink and popcorn so they sat next to Bill. Eddie and Richie were then the only two on the next row, and this was because 1 - they had to share their popcorn and 2- no one wanted to sit with them because they knew they would be talking and arguing and laughing through the whole film.

And they were right – it was halfway through the movie and the pair had only just shut up. Stan found himself able to actually pay attention to the movie, and looked to his left, his heart melting at the sight; Bill had fallen asleep on Mike’s shoulder, the popcorn in his lap scattered over the floor. Mike smiled at Bill, then turned to Stan and smiled, nudging Stan’s pinky finger with his own. Stan felt a warmth in his chest. Then he looked down at Eddie and Richie.

“Eds I swear to fucking god -”

Eddie’s mouth, once again, had somehow landed on the Richie’s throbbing pulse, giving it a sweet, innocent kiss.

It could have been an innocent kiss – it could have – if it weren’t for that smirk on those very lips that lit Richie’s flesh on fire. It could have been innocent if those kisses didn’t feel like millions of tiny

pinpricks that set Richie's cheeks ablaze. It could have been innocent and joking but it was something so far from innocent – making Richie want to push Eddie's lips against his own and kiss him until Richie was the one who could breathe.

The next kiss wasn't a kiss; it was Eddie's tongue sneaking out to get in on the action, only for a fleeting moment, before slipping back. It seemed whenever this happened, Richie's head felt like it was filled with helium and he was floating on air, yet *somehow* it felt like his skin was boiling under the simple *innocent* kisses offered by Eddie Kaspbrak.

Stan didn't know what to think, at first the exchange could have easily been mistaken for Eddie leaning over to whisper something to Richie, but the way Eddie's hand had also reached over and had landed on his upper thigh, the way Richie's head lolled back against the seat and the whining noises coming from the trashmouth, it didn't take long for Stan to click and look toward Mike as if for reassurance. Mike simply offered a small, helpless smile and a shrug. He then looked past Mike and sleepy Bill, to Bev and Ben who seemed to be in their own little world.

Eddie pulled back, Stan noticed, he had a grin on his cheeks as Richie turned towards him, saying something unintelligible and then shaking his head. They were silent for the rest of the movie.

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## BILL

Eddie was *trembling* in his arms. Initially, Richie would have used the term *shaking* but his beautiful boy was trembling, just like his bottom lip. Richie wanted to kiss that trembling lip and tell Eddie it was going to be okay, but Richie couldn't seem to do anything except hold his Eddie Spaghetti close to his chest as the violent shudders wracked through his body.

"C'mon Eddio Spagheddio turn that frown upside down!"

Eddie choked out a sob and Richie's heart clenched.

"Richie! E-Eh-ddie, wuh-wuh-what ha-happened?!" Bill rushed over

alongside Ben and Beverly.

Richie adjusted his grip on Eddie's filthy body and squinted at the three.

"Bowers showed up... Got a trashcan and dumped it all over Eds..." Richie said, shaking his head and looking down at Eddie, who looked back with eyes blown with terror. "It's alright I'll get you cleaned up... it's alright Eds... you still look adorable."

Eddie sniffled and pushed his head into the crook of Richie's neck and lightly kissed Richie's neck.

Ben and Beverly had turned to each other, Ben trying to calm an enraged Beverly down, but Bill saw it. Such a small gesture with such big intention. Eddie hid his face from the others, feeling disgusted and filthy and disease ridden.

"I'm going to take him back to my place and clean him up..." Richie sighed. "Could you go find my glasses Billy?"

With that, Richie tips his head and carried Eddie down the street. Bill didn't need reassurance that Richie was going to take care of Eddie, because he knew Richie cared about Eddie just as much as Bill did – possibly in more ways than one.

Despite the pure rage that swelled in Bill's chest, and the compulsion – the need – to punch Henry's smug face, Bill simply walked away to find Richie's glasses, just as Richie walked in the opposite directing with *his* Eddie Spaghetti kissing his neck.

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## **BONUS:**

Eddie lugged as many planks as he could towards Beverly, who was perched up in a tree waiting with a hammer and nails. On his short venture to the treehouse-to-be, Eddie stopped past Richie and kissed his neck quickly and at this point in time, everyone was watching.

"So are you guys ever gonna come out?" Stan's voice echoed from behind Beverly, a pair of binoculars swinging against his chest.

“What?” Richie asked, somewhat astonished by the question.

“You guys are gayer than a triple rainbow,” Stan said and Mike, Bill and Beverly laughed while Ben quietly giggled to himself as he mapped out the construction of the treehouse.

Richie folded his arms across his chest. “I’m not gay – just ask Eddie’s mum!”

Richie howled with laughter at his own and Eddie just shook his head and passed the planks to Beverly, then backtracked his steps and kissed Richie hard on the neck twice and then on his lips.

“I may be a little bit gay.”